Portfolio of Stories

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Layout by Paul Roman Martinez www.the19xx.com

a wish for you

May your coming year

be filled with magic

and *dreams*

and **good madness**.

I hope you read

some *fine* books

and kiss someone who

thinks *you are wonderful*,

and don't forget

to make some art -

write or draw

or **build** or *sing*

or **live**

as *only you can*.

And I hope,

somewhere

in the next year,

you surprise

yourself.

- Neil Gaiman

Art by:
DAVID MACK

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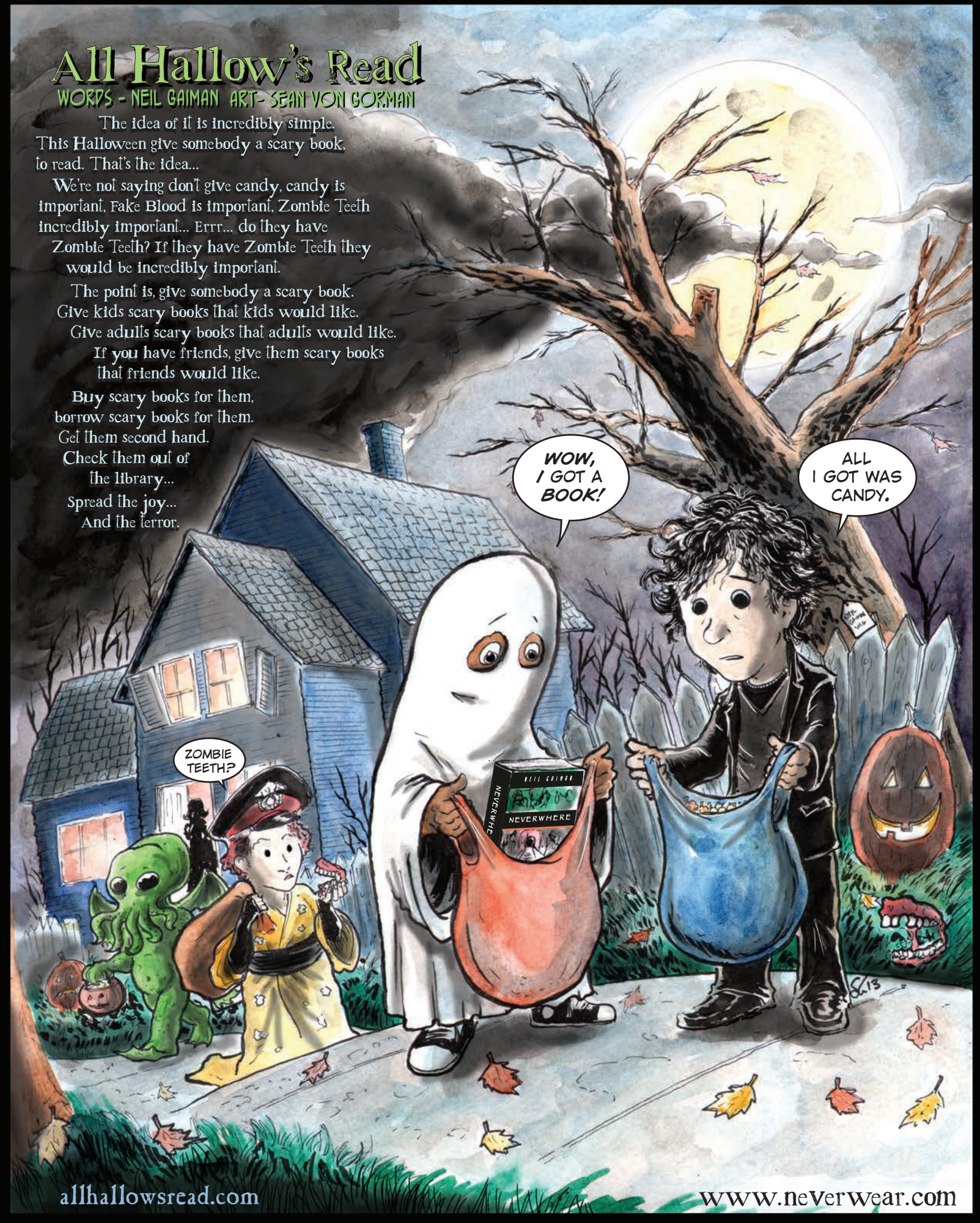
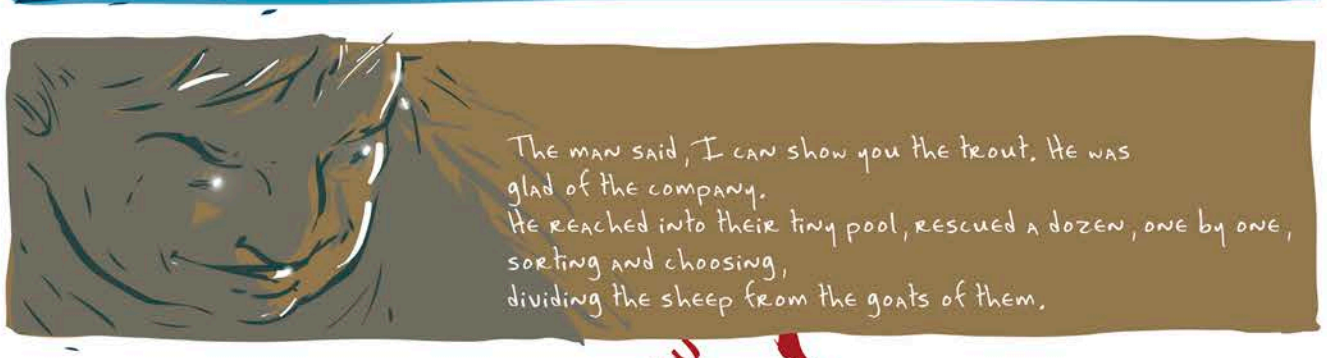
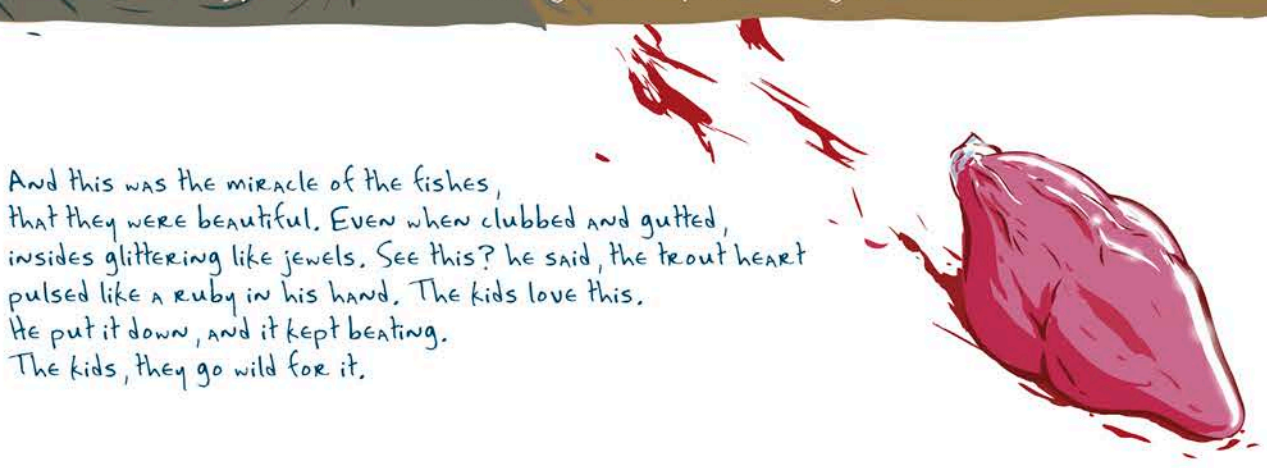

All Hallow's Read
WORDS - NEIL GAIMAN ART - SEAN VON GORMAN
The idea of it is incredibly simple. This Halloween give somebody a scary book, to read. That's the idea...
We're not saying don't give candy, candy is important, Fake Blood is important, Zombie Teeth incredibly important... Errr... do they have Zombie Teeth? If they have Zombie Teeth they would be incredibly important.
The point is, give somebody a scary book. Give kids scary books that kids would like. Give adults scary books that adults would like. If you have friends, give them scary books that friends would like.
Buy scary books for them, borrow scary books for them. Get them second hand. Check them out of the library...
Spread the joy... And the terror.
WOW, I GOT A BOOK!
ALL I GOT WAS CANDY.
ZOMBIE TEETH?
NEIL GAIMAN
NEVERWHERE
allhallowsread.com
www.neverwear.com

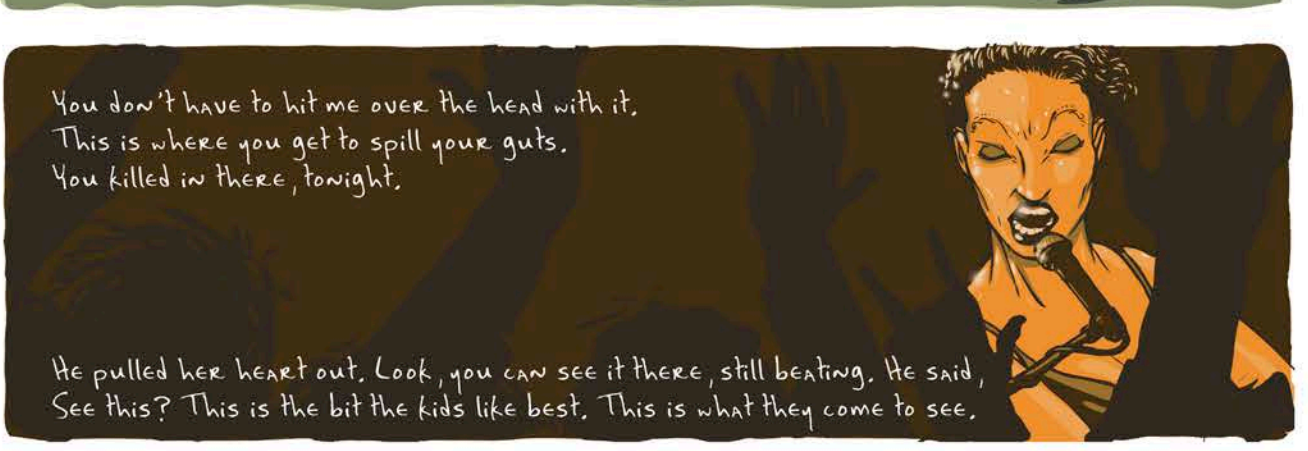
Neil Gaiman
Conjunctions
illustrations by Jouni Koponen


The man said, I can show you the trout. He was
glad of the company.
He reached into their tiny pool, rescued a dozen, one by one,
sorting and choosing,
dividing the sheep from the goats of them.


And this was the miracle of the fishes,
that they were beautiful. Even when clubbed and gutted,
insides glittering like jewels. See this? he said, the trout heart
pulsed like a ruby in his hand. The kids love this.
He put it down, and it kept beating.
The kids, they go wild for it.

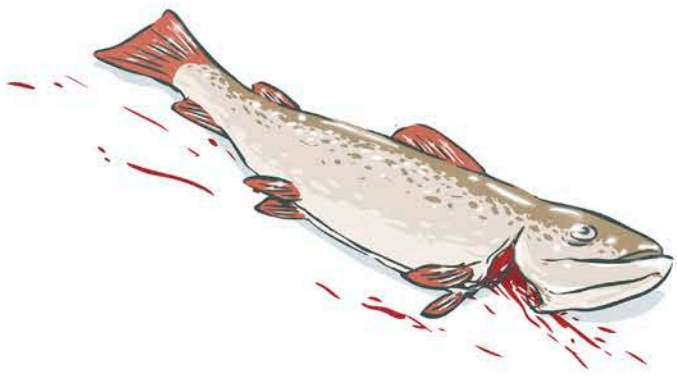
He said, we feed the guts to the pigs. They're pets now,
They won't be killed. See? We saw,
huge as horses they loomed on the side of the hill.

And we walk through the world trailing trout hearts like dreams,
wondering if they imagine rivers, quiet summer days,
fat foolish flies that hover or sit for a moment too long.
We should set them free, our trout and our metaphors:


You don't have to hit me over the head with it.
This is where you get to spill your guts.
You killed in there, tonight.
He pulled her heart out. Look, you can see it there, still beating. He said,
See this? This is the bit the kids like best. This is what they come to see.

Just her heart, pulsing, on and on. It was so cold that night,
and the stars were all alone.
Just them and the moon in a luminous bruise of sky.

And this was the miracle of the fishes.



Never Wear

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Desert Wind

written by Neil Gaiman

Illustration: Molly Crabapple
Design: Nicola Black Design

There was an old man with skin baked black by the desert sun
who told me that, when he was young, a storm had separated him from his caravan
and its spices, and he walked over rock and over sand for days and nights,
seeing nothing but small lizards and sand-coloured rats.

But that, on the third day, he came upon a city
of silken tents of all bright colours. A woman led him into the largest tent,
crimson the silk was, and set a tray in front of him, gave him iced sherbet
to drink, and cushions to lie upon, and then, with scarlet lips, she kissed his brow.

Veiled dancers undulated in front of him, bellies like sand dunes,
Eyes like pools of dark water in oases, purple were all their silks,
and their rings were gold. He watched the dancers while servants brought him food,
all kinds of food, and wine as white as silk and wine as red as sin.

And then, the wine making good madness in his belly and his head, he jumped up,
into the midst of the dancers, and danced with them, feet stamping on the sand,
jumping and pounding, and he took the fairest of all the dancers
in his arms and kissed her. But his lips pressed to a dry and desert-pitted skull.

And each dancer in purple had become bones, but still they curved and stamped
in their dance. And he felt the city of tents then like dry sand, hissing and escaping
through his fingers, and he shivered, and buried his head in his *burnous*,
And sobbed, so he could no longer hear the drums.

He was alone, he said, when he awoke. The tents were gone and the *ifreets*.
The sky was blue, the sun was pitiless. That was a lifetime ago.
He lived to tell the tale. He laughed with toothless gums, and told us this:
He has seen the city of silken tents on the horizon since, dancing in the haze.

I asked him if it were a mirage, and he said yes. I said it was a dream,
and he agreed, but said it was the desert's dream, not his. And he told me that
in a year or so, when he had aged enough for any man, then he would walk
into the wind, until he saw the tents. This time, he said, he would go on with them.

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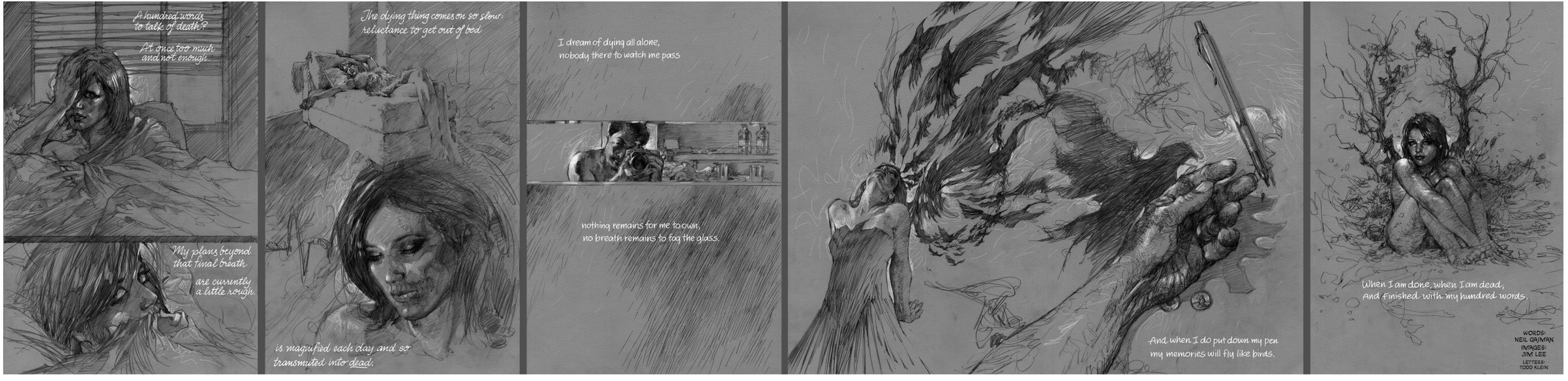
A hundred words to talk of death?
At once too much and not enough.
My plans beyond that final breath
are currently a little rough.
The dying thing comes on so slow: reluctance to get out of bed
is magnified each day and so transmuted into dead.
I dream of dying all alone,
nobody there to watch me pass
nothing remains for me to own,
no breath remains to fog the glass.
And when I do put down my pen
my memories will fly like birds.
When I am done, when I am dead,
And finished with my hundred words,
WORDS: NEIL GAIMAN
IMAGES: JIM LEE
LETTERS: TODD KLEIN

I will never forget that moment, or forget the expression on Stella's face as she watched Vic hurrying away from her. Even in death I shall remember that.
Her clothes were in disarray, and there was makeup smudged across her face, and her eyes – You wouldn't want to make a universe angry. I bet an angry universe would look at you with eyes like that.

art by Camilla d'Errico

from "How to Talk to Girls at Parties" by Neil Gaiman

HEARTBREAK HOTEL

FEBRUARY 14, 2015

Neil Gaiman

The Day the Saucers Came

illustrations by Jouni Koponen

That day, the saucers landed. Hundreds of them, golden,
Silent, coming down from the sky like great snowflakes,
And the people of Earth stood and stared as they descended,
Waiting, dry-mouthed, to find what waited inside for us
And none of us knowing if we would be here tomorrow

But you didn't notice it because

That day, the day the saucers came, by some coincidence,
Was the day that the graves gave up their dead
And the zombies pushed up through soft earth
or erupted, shambling and dull-eyed, unstoppable,
Came towards us, the living, and we screamed and ran,

But you did not notice this because

On the saucer day, which was the zombie day, it was
Ragnarok also, and the television screens showed us
A ship built of dead-men's nails, a serpent, a wolf,
All bigger than the mind could hold, and the cameraman could
Not get far enough away, and then the Gods came out

But you did not see them coming because

On the saucer-zombie-battling-gods day the floodgates broke
And each of us was engulfed by genies and sprites
Offering us wishes and wonders and eternities

And charm and cleverness and true brave hearts and pots of gold
While giants feefofummed across the land, and killer bees,

But you had no idea of any of this because

That day, the Saucer day the zombie day
The Ragnarok and fairies day, the day the great winds came
And snows, and cities turned to crystal, the day
All plants died, plastics dissolved, the day the
Computers turned, the screens telling us we would obey, the day

Angels, drunk and muddled, stumbled from the bars,
And all the bells of London were sounded, the day
Animals spoke to us in Assyrian, the Yeti day,
The fluttering capes and arrival of the Time Machine day

You didn't notice any of this because

you were sitting in your room, not doing anything,
not even reading, not really, just
looking at your telephone,

wondering if I was going to call.

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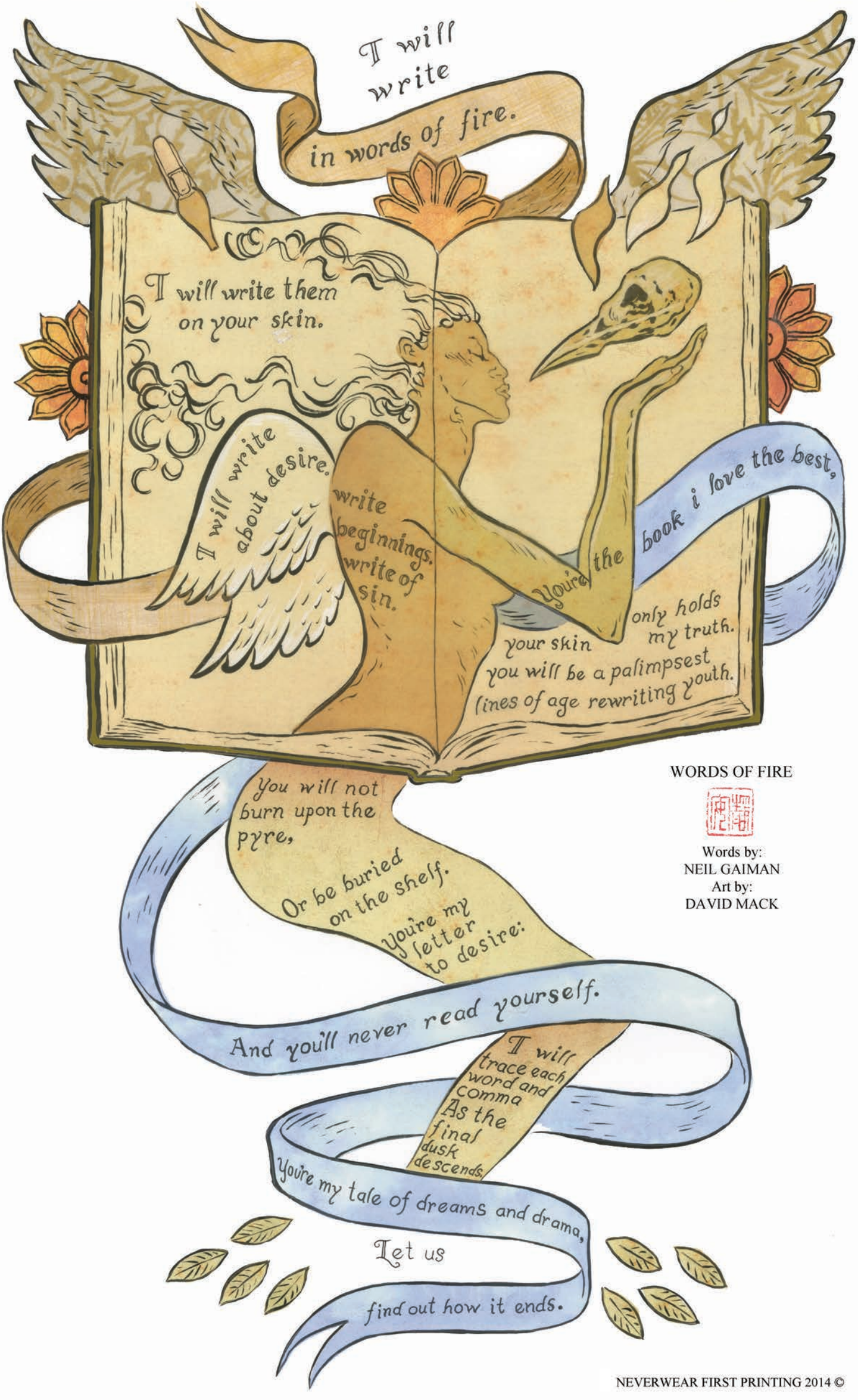
I will write in words of fire.
I will write them on your skin.
I will write about desire.
write beginnings. write of sin.
You're the book i love the best,
only holds my truth.
your skin
you will be a palimpsest
lines of age rewriting youth.
You will not burn upon the pyre,
Or be buried on the shelf.
You're my letter to desire:
And you'll never read yourself.
I will trace each word and comma As the final dusk descends
You're my tale of dreams and drama,
Let us
find out how it ends.

WORDS OF FIRE

Words by:
NEIL GAIMAN
Art by:
DAVID MACK

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"A book is a dream
that you hold
in your hands."

-NEIL GAIMAN

Art by:
DAVID MACK

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"Then she smiled at all of us,
and she leaned down
and she kissed it,
slowlike
on its back
It didn't wriggle or nothin',
it just lay in her hand,
and she kissed it with her lips
like red coral, and the people
at the party
laughed and cheered.
She put the fish back in the pool,
and for a moment it was as if
it didn't want to leave her-
it stayed by her,
nuzzling her fingers.
And then
the first of the fireworks
went off
and it swum away.
Her lipstick was red,
as red as red,
and she left
the shape of her lips
on the fish's back.
-There.
Do you see?"
THE
GOLDFISH POOL
Words by:
NEIL GAIMAN
Art by:
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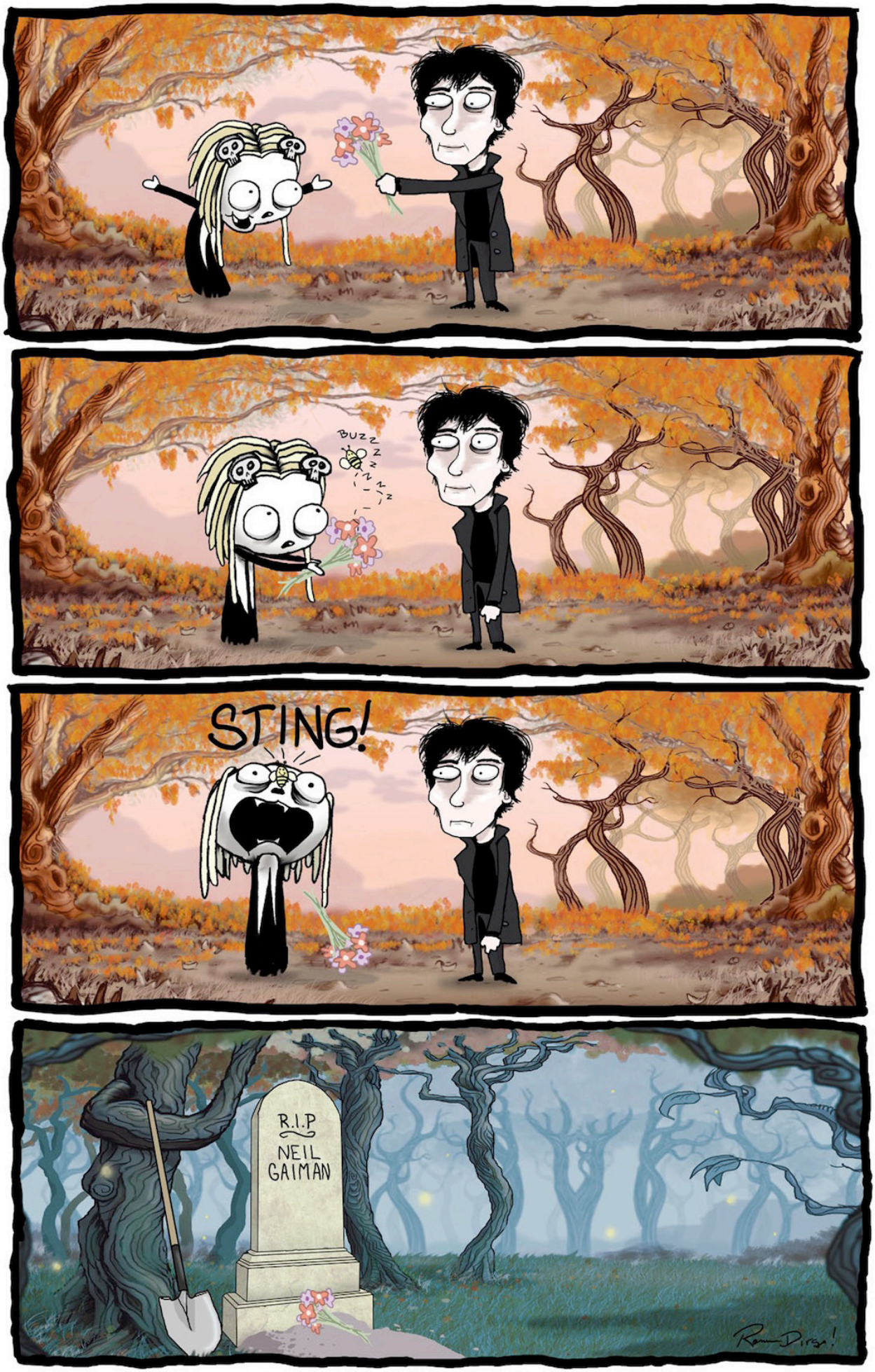
BUZZZZZZZ
STING!
R.I.P
NEIL
GAIMAN

I wish I had an origin story for you.
When I was four, I was bitten by a radioactive myth.

-Neil Gaiman